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renders the tombs of her ancient monarchs as remarkable for modesty and simplicity as for their religious feeling; so that, in this respect, they are separated, by a considerable interval, from the more costly monuments erected at the same periods to the kings or nobles of other European States. In later times, on the other hand, as the piety of the Venetians diminished, their pride overleaped all limits, and the tombs which, in recent epochs, were erected for men who had lived only to impoverish or disgrace the State, were as much more magnificent than those contemporaneously erected for the nobles of Europe, as the monuments of the great Doges had been humbler. When, in addition to this, we reflect that the art of sculpture, considered as expressive of emotion, was at a low ebb in Venice in the twelfth century, and that in the seventeenth she took the lead in Italy in luxurious work, we shall see at once, that the chain of examples through which the change of feeling is expressed, must present more remarkable extremes here than it can in any other city; extremes so startling that their impressiveness cannot be diminished, while their intelligibility is greatly increased by the large number of intermediate types, which have fortunately been preserved.

But the most significant change in the treatment of these tombs, with respect to our immediate object, is in the form of the sarcophagus. It was above noted, that, exactly in proportion to the degree of the pride of life expressed in any monument, would be also the fear of death; and, therefore, as these tombs increase in splendor, in size, and beauty of workmanship, we perceive a gradual desire to take away from the definite character of the sarcophagus. In the earliest times, as we have seen, it was a gloomy mass of stone; gradually it became charged with religious sculpture; but never with the slightest desire to disguise its form, until towards the middle of the fifteenth century. It then became enriched with flower-work, and hidden by the Virtues, and, finally, losing its four-square form, it is modelled in graceful types of ancient vases, made as little like a coffin as possible, and refined away in various elegances, till it becomes, at last, a mere pedestal or stage for the portrait statue. This statue, in the meantime, has been gradually coming back to life, through a curious series of transitions. The Vendramin monument is one of the last which shows or pretends to show, the recumbent figure laid in death. A few years later, this idea became disagreeable to polite minds; and, lo! the figures, which before had been laid at rest upon the tomb pillow, raised themselves on their elbows, and began to look around them. The end of the sixteenth century dared not contemplate its body in death.

PURSUÉ your studies without intermission; be not persuaded to deviate from the line nature and inclination have marked out for you; associate with older men than yourself; do not suffer poor-minded and interested persons to render you discontented; remember yours is a liberal profession; never suffer it to degenerate into a trade; the more you elevate your mind, the more you will be likely to succeed.—*Sir Geo. Beaumont.*

## CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

(Continued.)

## ACT THE FOURTH.

A large Picture Gallery in Parma.

OTTAVIO.

The revelation, friend,  
Of the divine on this dim spot of earth  
Is that which we call Love. Now, commonly  
It is developed in that noble form,  
Which we style art and genius; or not less,  
Though more contracted and condensed, when  
vow'd  
To one especial object, and that one  
The loveliest in the world, a charming woman.

ANTONIO.

And oh, what artist ever liv'd on earth,  
Who did not strive to couple both these loves  
In bonds inseparable?

OTTAVIO.

But still the Muse  
Holds sovereign sway in every artist's heart.

ANTONIO.

Most true, for the beloved one is his Muse!

OTTAVIO.

And this same Muse doth change with every moon.  
The muses number, at the lowest count,  
Nine lovely, fascinating maids, you know.

ANTONIO.

Yet every Muse bestows her special art,  
And every artist loves his special Muse.

OTTAVIO.

The mighty Raphael, to whom you stoop'd  
Your head but now, had several, methinks.

ANTONIO.

Poor Raphael! Because he had not one.

OTTAVIO.

How, Raphael no Muse?

ANTONIO.

Oh yes, in heaven,  
In his desire, his aspiration, what  
By him was his Divine Idea called.  
Now he has found her surely, and his soul  
No more, like his inspired Cecilia, need  
Bend her pure eyes upon the distant blue  
In search of a contentment, full divine.  
Now he enjoys and clasps her to his breast.  
He sought her here in vain, poor Raphael!  
And therefore hung his starved and thirsty soul  
Into the sea of sense, and drank oblivion.

OTTAVIO.

Are you more happy, then?

ANTONIO.

Heaven knows, I am!  
Unhappy Raphael! what avail'd it thee,  
Thou wert so fair and blooming? What avail'd  
Thy potent friends, the Pope, and Rome's acclaim?

What gain to thee the charming Fornarina?  
Or what the Cardinal's uncomely niece?  
Thou didst not find earth's first and dearest  
boon,

A gentle, virtuous, true-hearted wife!  
No fond Maria rested on thy heart,  
And having that, how richer far am I  
In my poor hut, than thou with all thy fame?

OTTAVIO.

Then you are satisfied, Maria loves you  
With all her heart?

ANTONIO.

Of that I am as sure,

As that I live.

OTTAVIO.

'Tis well! When I say well,  
I only mean for you, not well for me.  
So fare you well, I will not mar your peace.

(Antonio starts.)

I thought you loved your Muse, and her alone;  
And that your wife in woman's fashion loved  
Herself, and next herself, whatever pleased  
Her senses and her whims. 'Twas therefore I  
Invited you to live with me in Parma;  
My object was to gratify all three.  
But now I see my plan will never work.  
You and your wife are both romantic. Well,  
Dream, or reality, it matters not,  
Whatever makes us happy must be real.  
So God commend you to his grace, Antonio!  
Stay here you cannot. You would find it hard,  
Now, after what has passed. But do not fear!  
I will not steal beneath the cloud of night.  
A fox into your dovecoat. Though I'm fond  
Of doves, I need not get at them by stealth;  
It suits me better far to purchase them  
In the broad noonday on the market-place.  
Then fare you well! Salute your lovely wife!  
By heaven! I purposed fairly by all.  
If any one have cause for discontent  
In this affair, why, then, that one am I.  
Adieu, sir! You shall paint me many more  
Such pictures as the present. Meanwhile rest,  
And look around you to your heart's content.  
Battista shall the eighty scudi bring.

[Exit.]

ANTONIO (alone).

This was his purpose? To his boasted love  
For art? This the respect he felt for artists?  
The patronage? Esteem? Fool that I am!  
Mock'd here again by a mere phantom light!  
I am avenged; he went away ashamed.  
Ashamed? Avenged? I? Am not I the  
culprit,

A gentle sheep, submissive unto wrong?  
No, he shall fight with me; I'll not endure  
The infamy; what though he be a lord,  
A piece of noble clay, so stamp'd by chance,  
I bear a noble soul, mark'd out by God,  
And in the book of ages I shall live.  
When he lies mouldering in forgotten dust,  
I'll be avenged! The sword shall do me right.  
A murderer? Rather bear my wrong in peace!  
And should I fall—Maria, my Giovanni,  
And thou, loved Art! Pah! this excitement  
is

A thing to smile at. Men of war may fight!  
With them a froward temper, and contempt  
For death and danger, is their simple duty.  
They have nought else to do,—it is their glory!  
The artist works by spirit, and his rank  
Is therefore with the ministers of peace.  
God did not place a sword within his hand.  
The enchanter's wand, which conjures spirits,  
can

Create life, but is impotent to kill.  
I will endure my wrong, as the great type  
Of all good men below endured his shame.  
For he that on this wilderness of earth  
Seeks to achieve the lofty and the noble,  
Must ever stoop to bear the martyr's cross;  
'Tis only after death his life begins.

Look round me now? Contemplate now the  
pictures?  
How can I? Oh the things that I have known,  
In this brief day; hope, insolence, despair,  
Supreme delight,—this journey, heat, fatigue!  
I'm very weary, and mine eyelids droop.  
Here let me rest awhile, to gather strength  
For the long tiresome journey home again.  
(sits down on a chair and falls asleep.)

Enter RICORDANO with his daughter CLESTINA, the latter carrying a wreath of laurel in her hand.

RICORDANO.

So here we are, my child.

CELESTINA.

Merely as guests.

Is it not so?

RICORDANO.

Yes, wayward Celestina,  
Because you wish it so.

CELESTINA.

Nay, you, dear father!

RICORDANO.

I wish your happiness, Heaven knows I do!  
You think you will not find it with Ottavio.  
So be it, then! I will forego my plans.  
On his own flippant folly lie the blame,  
Rash, thoughtless youth! Yet this I will up-  
hold,  
His heart is good.

CELESTINA.

His heart? Has he a heart?

RICORDANO.

You women think that heart is all in all.

CELESTINA.

So speaks the man, that has himself the largest.

RICORDANO.

Oh flatterer!

CELESTINA.

Ottavio has none;

Trust me, dear father, none. He is not wicked;  
But he is selfish, dissolute, and proud.  
He loves me not, I love not him; and yet,  
Dear father, can you wish —

RICORDANO.

Well, be it so!

I will forego the promise that I made  
My friend Lorenzo on his dying bed,  
By intermarriage of my child with his,  
To bind our families in closer ties.  
I acted hastily; may God forgive me!

CELESTINA.

Father, there will be joy in heaven, that thus  
You made not shipwreck of your daughter's  
peace.

RICORDANO.

By heavens, when I bethink me, were it not  
A sin, dear girl, to force so sweet a bud  
As thou—there is no vanity in this;  
I am thy father, but thy heart, thy beauty,  
God gave to thee, not I—to force so sweet  
A bud into a hard and arid soil;  
This too, when every youthful gardener  
Within the Paradise, that circles Florence,  
Yearns with full soul to make that blossom his?

CELESTINA.

Dear father, if I be a little flower,  
Beneath thy shadowing oak my buds shall blow,  
And I will nestle closely to thy heart.

RICORDANO.

And stirs no love yet in thy bosom, child?

CELESTINA.

For God, for thee, for all that's good and fair!

RICORDANO.

But for no suitor?

CELESTINA.

No.

RICORDANO.

My pretty one!

Not yet? Well, it will come, girl. Oh, be-  
lieve me,  
Boy Cupid will have vengeance, howso'er  
He seem to bear your scorn contentedly.  
When you surmise it least, lo, all at once  
He'll stand before you, dreadful as a Silvio,  
And change thee to a languishing Dorinda.

CELESTINA.

Father, I'll be prepared.

RICORDANO.

My little Muse!

Such I perforce must call you. Cold as ice,  
You scorn the passion of the sons of earth,  
And live in nature and in art alone.  
For whom do you intend this laurel wreath?

CELESTINA.

How should I know, dear father? As we  
cross'd  
The palace garden, from the bush a bough  
Bent down, and got entangled in my hair.  
To punish it, I tore it from the stem,  
And straightway in my hand it grew a wreath.

RICORDANO.

Beyond all doubt, to crown thy Raphael!  
There hangs the picture.

CELESTINA.

Ah, a glorious room!

RICORDANO.

And yet you would forsake this lovely shrine.

CELESTINA.

Ah, yes!

RICORDANO.

It might be yours.

CELESTINA.

Dear father, say,

Couldst thou not buy these glorious gems of  
art  
From Lord Ottavio?

RICORDANO.

Nay, child, dost thou know  
The worth of a collection such as this?

CELESTINA.

No, for 'tis priceless; yet Ottavio, he  
Will not demur; for he loves money more  
Than pictures. He'll demand no higher price,  
Than you would rate your daughter at, I'm  
sure.  
You'll be a gainer by the business, then.  
You only give him gold, and keep your child.

RICORDANO.

You little, witching Circe, you! Stay here!  
Enjoy yourself among your favourites,  
Whilst I go in and seek Ottavio.  
I'll tell him my opinion, your resolve.  
He must make up his mind to bear it.

CELESTINA.

Oh,

For such a courtly man, that will be easy;  
Trust me, the sacrifice won't cost him much.

RICORDANO.

You will not be his wife, but you remain,  
As his relation, still a friend—a sister.

CELESTINA.

Assuredly; and as a friend and sister,  
I will come many a time, as now, to pay  
My duty to Ottavio and—the pictures.

RICORDANO.

You saucy girl!

CELESTINA.

Say, I shall follow soon.

RICORDANO.

Poor fellow, can you look him in the face,  
Upon the back of your refusal?

CELESTINA.

Nay,

The whole thing is a jest, and nothing more.  
Yet I must try to hide the thorn with flowers.

RICORDANO.

Go to, you are a wilful, wayward girl!

CELESTINA (alone.)

Once more I am amidst my darling pictures!  
Treasures of art, and shall I leave you, thus?

Must all your beauties here be left to fade,  
In dust, unloved, among barbarians,  
With none of nobler soul to feel your worth?  
It shall not be! Oh, let me, sweet Cecilia,  
Lay down my laurel-garland at thy feet.  
What have we here? A picture? A new  
picture,

Its face turn'd to the wall. Is't possible?  
Ottavio purchase pictures? Well, 'tis sure  
To be a gem! (turns the picture round.)

How! Do I dream? No, no!  
This picture's by Antonio Allegri,  
The great, and, until now, unnoticed painter,  
After whose works I've copied many heads,  
Of whom we heard so much from Buonarrotti  
And Julio Romano, when they met us  
Upon the road this morning. Angelo  
Made him a present of his ring at parting,  
And will make interest for him with the Duke.

(Looks at the picture.)

How exquisite is this, how full of life!  
The mother of our Lord! Oh, what a face,  
All reverence, meekness, and sweet holy calm!  
The Saviour beams in gentle majesty,  
Giovanni—oh, upon my breast I long  
To take the boy, and kiss him o'er and o'er!  
Heavens! what a perfect darling is the child!

Nature assuredly supplied the type;  
Invention never fashion'd aught so fair.  
Oh, exquisite! What sentiment, what colour!

(After standing for a while wrapt in contem-  
plation she continues—)

This picture I must crown. I now can see  
Why the bough droop'd and check'd me as I  
pass'd.

It was a sweet presentiment of what  
I now behold. Ah, if I could but crown  
The artist so, unseen, even by himself.  
Well, I will crown him in his picture here.

(As she is about to place the wreath upon  
the picture, she perceives ANTONIO asleep.)

Jesu Maria shield me, who is here!  
(Starts back, but immediately recovers herself.)  
He's fast asleep. Who can this person be?  
How has he come into the room?

(Approaches him cautiously.)

He's not  
A man of rank, nor even a citizen,  
Still less a serving man. His dress is plain,  
Loosely put on, but very clean, though poor;  
A handsome head, but pale! What noble  
features!

How high the forehead! Gracious powers,  
what's this?

Yes, he has Buonarrotti's signet ring  
Upon his finger! All good saints, it is,  
It is Antonio Allegri's self!

No doubt, he brought the picture here himself,  
And, wearied with the walk, has fallen asleep.  
(She regards him with the greatest sympathy,  
and when she sees that he is fast asleep,  
drops on her knees before him, the better to  
examine his features.)

Ah me, how sad, yet noble, is his look!  
He seems as he had borne no common share  
Of this world's shocks, and yet he is not old.

Ah no, though gifted being!  
(Rises up, and says, in a low and timid voice.)  
Da! I crown him!

Oh, no; great heavens! if he should chance to  
wake!

If any one should come! No, I will hang  
The wreath here on the picture, so when he  
Awakes, he'll see that he is prized!

(Hangs the wreath upon the picture, and  
steps back.)

So, so!—  
Yet, no, that will not do. It looks so cold,  
Cold, and unmeaning! There the living man  
Sits with bare head, while on the hard, dead  
wood

A chaplet hangs. Courage! I must be bold.  
Oh, all good saints, be helpful to me now,  
And let me happily achieve my venture!

(Places the wreath gently upon his head,  
then glides softly back.)

That is the spot; there's where it should be!  
So!

The chaplet now is in its proper place.  
It blends so finely with his dusky hair.  
How grandly arches his brow under it!  
Yes, that will do! Thank heaven, he did not stir,

And now, farewell, ere long we'll meet again.  
He moves, breathes heavily.—Away, away!

[Exit.]

ANTONIO

(starts up awakening from a dream.)

Where am I? This cool, dim-lit gallery  
Is not Elysium! (Reflects.) Ah, heaven!

I've been  
Asleep, and dreamt. No, it was more than dream;

'Twas a presentiment of bliss to come!  
I wandered 'mong the meadows of the blest,  
That seem'd more fair than Dante pictured them.

And found myself within the Muses' grove;  
Full in my view I saw their temple rise,  
Built of white marble, high and gloriously,

With granite columns, and fair statues deck'd,  
And fill'd within with pictures and with books.  
Around me, on the grass, there lay reclined

The greatest artists, modern and of old,  
Sculptors and poets, painters, architects.  
Perch'd like a pigmy fly upon a man,

The mighty Phidias on the shoulder sat  
Of a huge block, that seem'd like Hercules.  
The splinters thick before his chisel flew;

And firmly in his soul he grasp'd the while  
All the proportions of the Titan frame.  
Apelles, with a smile, his pencil dip'd

In morri's red dawn, and painted wondrous shapes  
On clouds, that were by angels borne away.

There on his organ Paestrina play'd;  
The organ pipes went through the universe,  
And the four winds inspired the sounding air,

Whilst at his side Cecilia stood and sang.  
Hard by the sacred fount old Homer sat,  
He spoke, and all the poets throng'd to hear.

Then the great Raphael, lovely as in life,  
Into the circle led by the hand,  
And on his shoulders quivered silver wings;

Whereon the Muse stepp'd forth—oh, shall I  
e'er

Forget that form of matchless loveliness,  
Pure as the dew of early dawn, and bright,  
And fresh, and radiant, as the new blown rose?

And with her snow-white hand upon my brow  
She placed the dusky laurel wreath, and said,  
'Thee I devote to Immortality!'

On this I woke. Yet is it with me still,  
As though I felt the chaplet on my hair.

(Raises his hand to his head, and feels the wreath.)

Great heaven! what do I see? Can this be so?  
Are not the days of miracles gone by?

(Enter BATTISTA with NICOLÒ, who carries a bag of money.)

My friend Battista, who, who has been here?  
BATTISTA.

How should I know? See, here's the money  
you

Were promised by his lordship for your picture.  
In copper you must take the sum. In that  
The peasant pays the noble what he owes.

'Twill bend your back a little bit, no doubt,  
But you've been used to burdens many a day.  
Though you're a prodigy of painters now,

You'll not forget your father was a porter.  
The weight upon your back will serve, me-  
thinks,

As a remembrancer of whence you sprung.  
'Tis good to have such little jogs at times.  
They help to keep down pride and self-conceit.

ANTONIO.

Can you not give me silver, friend Battista?  
As much as will suffice my present needs?  
The rest can wait. Look you, the road is long,

I've walked it once already, I am tired,  
Yet you would have me bear this load to boot.  
Do me this favour friend!

BATTISTA.

Phshaw! friend indeed!

You are my foe.

ANTONIO.

What have I done to you?

BATTISTA.

The insult and the shame, which I to-day  
Endured from Michael Angelo, I owe  
To you and only you; now 'tis my turn.  
And I'll take care to pay you off in kind.

ANTONIO.

How will you compass that?

BATTISTA.

There is the money!  
I've taken off what you were in my debt.  
So get you gone, and never venture more  
To set your foot within the palace gate.

ANTONIO.

What means this burst of rage?

BATTISTA.

They give you money,  
Rings of great price, and laurel wreaths, I see.  
Well, my fine gentleman, you shall receive  
A gift from me as well.

ANTONIO.

Constrain your wrath!

BATTISTA.

I'm more disposed to cool it.

ANTONIO.

Well, sir, do

What you can justify to Heaven. I fear not;  
I have, what you at little seem to rate,  
A stainless conscience. Should you do me  
wrong,

He that guides all will turn it to my good.  
Farewell! I bear no hatred in my breast.  
The bag, the burden cannot cramp my mind.

(Places the wreath of laurel on his head, and  
lifts the bag upon his shoulders.)

In the sweat of thy face thou, man, through all  
thy days

Thy bread shalt eat, such was the Lord's de-  
cree.

Though the load weigh my body down to earth,  
The blessed laurel-wreath shall lift my head;  
Lightly I take the road, and strong of heart.

[Exit.]

BATTISTA.

The bag is no light weight—eh, Nicolò?

NICOLÒ.

It is a deal of money.

BATTISTA.

Seventy sendi!

But what, friend, is the money to the ring  
He wears upon his finger? That is priceless.  
What is't o'clock?

NICOLÒ.

We have a good hour yet,  
If I mistake not, to the Ave Mary.

BATTISTA.

Then sinks the sun, and all will soon be dark.  
He must this evening to Correggio!  
But the wood's shady, cool; it won't take long  
To cross. Well, what I meant to say was this:  
You ask'd me, Nicolò, to-day, for leave  
To visit your old mother, did you not?  
All day we've had a host of things to do,  
But now there's nothing to prevent your going.  
Be off at once! But by to-morrow, noon,  
Be sure you're back again.

NICOLÒ.

A thousand thanks! [Exit.]

BATTISTA.

He's gone! Oh, rare! If that indeed thou be  
A robber, an assassin, prove it now!

(stands waiting for a moment.)

I dropp'd no hint; I bargain'd for no terms;  
He goes to see his mother! To permit  
A son to pay his duty to his mother.  
Is a most Christian act. My conscience is  
Clear and unspotted. Should Allegri fall,  
Why, 'tis God's chastisement, not my revenge.  
I wash my hands, for I am innocent.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

THERE is a class of men whom original ex-  
cellence itself cannot please, men who have no  
true judgment of their own, but who cry out for  
beauty such as that of Raphael in a picture, and  
sweetness such as that of Shakespeare in a  
poem, and refuse to admire all merit of a lower  
reach. Critics of this stamp fastened upon  
The Rent Day they refused to see that it  
sought to move the heart by a fresh infusion of  
human nature into the story of the picture, and  
as the action was humble, academic beauty of  
form was undesirable and injurious. It was  
natural, they admitted, but nature was its  
fault; for as nature, as Fuseli said, put him  
out, so did it put out all artists who followed it  
close, and copied it in its oddities, and with  
these they said this picture abounded. But  
they did not consider the question truly. In  
epic composition, and Raphael's is of that  
rank, perfect beauty and heroic dignity of shape  
and sentiment are indeed required; but the  
composition of Wilkie was not of epic, but of  
the dramatic kind, which admitted the humors  
of Falstaff, and the follies of Dogberry and  
Verges, as readily as the lofty philosophy of  
Hamlet, and the heroic despair of Macbeth.  
The Rent Day was followed by a portrait of  
Lady Mary Fitzgerald, for the Earl of Mul-  
grave. It is true Wilkie felt that, though por-  
traiture was of a domestic character, his strength  
did not lie in that direction; but he did not  
fail to see what Hogarth perceived before him;  
that the refreshing dews of patronage fall on  
this branch, leaving the other boughs of the  
great tree of Art dry, and that all those who  
desired to live must condescend to seek their  
bread by ministering to the domestic taste—the  
amiable vanity of mankind.—*Life of Wilkie.*

WITH respect to pleasures of Taste, it is  
our duty not to devote such inordinate at-  
tention to the discrimination of them as must be  
inconsistent with our pursuit, and destructive  
of our capacity of higher and preferable plea-  
sures, but to cultivate the sense of them in that  
way which is consistent with all other good, by  
temperance, namely, and by such attention as  
the mind, at certain resting moments, may  
fitly pay even to so ignoble a source of pleasure  
as this, by which discipline we shall bring the  
faculty of taste itself to its real maximum of  
sensibility; for it may not be doubted but that  
health, hunger, and such general refinement of  
bodily habits as shall make the body a perfect  
and fine instrument in all respects, are better  
promoters of actual sensual enjoyment of taste,  
than the sickened, sluggish, hard-stimulated  
fastidiousness of epicurism.—*Enskin.*

I REMEMBER the quiet gleam with which  
Wilkie told us, that one-day Bannister the actor  
called, and was shown in while he was sitting  
on a low seat dressed as a woman, with a look-  
ing-glass before him, performing the part of  
model for himself. Wilkie was not the man to be  
in the least discomposed at being found in  
such a plight. Bannister gazed on him for a  
moment or so and said, "I need not introduce  
myself." "Truly no," said Wilkie, "I know  
you very well; but you see I can't move, lest I  
spoil the folds of my petticoat. I am for the  
present an old woman, very much at your ser-  
vice."—*Life of Wilkie.*